



THE
VISION OF
JUSTICE
AND OTHER
POEMS
BY
HYDE PARKER.

199

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AND

OTHER POEMS.



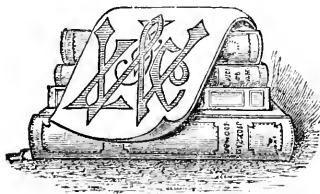
THE
VISION OF JUSTICE

AND

Other Poems.

BY

HYDE PARKER.



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TO
SIR WILLIAM PARKER, BART.,
THE
FOLLOWING POEMS ARE INSCRIBED
AS A
SINCERE TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP AND GOODWILL
BY
HIS AFFECTIONATE COUSIN,
THE AUTHOR.



E R R A T A.

- Page 21, verse 1, line 1, *for* "last " *read* "lost."
- Page 28, verse 4, line 3, *for* "had chanced " *read* "he chanced."
- Page 32, verse 3, line 4, *for* "No accents from my lips you hear," *read* "From me no accents mayst thou hear."
- Page 47, verse 4, line 4, *for* "No knee to the Gath would they bend," *read* "No knee to the Gittite they'd bend."
- Page 61, stanza i., line 2, *for* "Which boasted of its theatre and its stronghold," *read* "Which boasted of its theatre and stronghold."
- Page 78, stanza xliii., line 2, *for* "goes " *read* "go."
- Page 91, verse 2, *for* "dui " *read* "diu."
- Page 107, stanza lxx., line 8, *for* "Shall pour of soul of thankfulness to thee," *read* "Shall pour our soul of thankfulness to thee."
- Page 109, line 1, *for* "Thus, thus I fear I shall die," *read* "Thus, thus I fear me I shall die."
- Page 111, stanza i., line 8, *for* "why " *read* "what."
- Page 116, stanza iii., line 1, *for* "The joys Spring spreads to my view," *read* "The joys that Spring spreads to my view."

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The Vision of Justice.



'TWAS noon of night, the flick'ring fire burnt low,
I watched in silence its expiring glow—
While from the sacred tower the deep'ning chime
In long vibrations tolled the knell of Time.
Like adverse winds that will not sink to rest,
So thoughts conflicting warred within my breast,
Assuming shapes at Fancy's weird desire,
Adown those lurid avenues of fire.
At intervals some ember's fitful spark
Would, half reviving, flash from out the dark ;
On floor and ceiling glimm'ring rays would fall,
And forms fantastic shoot along the wall ;
O'er the grim splendour of a pictured past
That hung around me in that chamber vast,
O'er many a gartered earl and noble maid,
The demon shadows of the firelight played.
While thus I gazed upon their ghostly dance,
On mind and body fell a mystic trance ;

A subtle spell o'er me began to creep—
I seemed half dreaming, tho' I could not sleep.
Clearly I heard a gentle rustling sound
As of a garment trailing on the ground.
I turned to look, with limbs as cold as stone,
I saw—great Heaven!—that I was not alone.
Before me there in shadowy outline stood
A spectral form that froze my very blood :
The moon just then, emerging from her veil,
Shed o'er the figure her effulgence pale ;
In huge proportions, towering to the skies,
Robed all in white, Astræa met these eyes.
Fear fled—and reverent awe assumed its place
At her cold lineaments' majestic grace.
Where were her classic symbols ? In one hand
She grasped the remnant of her shivered brand ;
Green with disuse, corroded by the shower,
Her broken scales betrayed her shattered power ;
These hung suspended to her zone-girt waist,
That zone where " Justice " once was clearly traced ;
But now so faint those golden letters shone,
Like faded names upon memorial stone.
Unbandaged flashed the anger of her eyes,
As blinding as the lightning of the skies ;
Thus with stern charms appeared before me then
The awful goddess of the rights of men.

“ Fear not,” she said, in accents so benign,
The words were human, but the voice divine.
“ Fear not, for *I* am now no longer feared,
In this strange land my reign its end hath neared,
Here once my rights were ev’ry Briton’s theme,
My judgments finite, and my rule supreme ;
Where’er in discord angry murmurs grew
My equal balance gave the verdict true ;
Tho’ long delayed as sure as passing Time
I followed like Tisiphone on crime,
Where’er he crouched I found the abject slave,
And with one stroke the penal vengeance gave.
Once ’twas the pride of Britons to declare
On British soil breathed Freedom’s native air ;
Vain, impious boast, and worthless as ’tis vain,
When o’er these hands they dared to cast a chain ;
My bonds I broke as Samson burst the ropes,
These riven links proclaim their baffled hopes ;
Primæval Justice brooks no rival power,
Her charter dates from Eden’s heavenly bower.
Since then in ev’ry clime and ev’ry age,
My champions’ deeds illumine history’s page,
Blush, venal Greece, if blush thou canst, for shame,
Unworthy now of Aristides’ name,
Whose title proud survives his humble dust,
The rare but simple title of ‘ The Just.’

Whilst Rome enshrines her own immortal four,
Who sacrificed their all to duty's law ;
Two noble Consuls* once could sternly mask
A father's feelings for a judge's task.
Fabricius' will no vulgar gift controlled,
Too rich in honour to be bribed by gold ;
Whilst Regulus by death for ever shows
How justice deals alike to friends and foes.
When Britain first received my welcome sway,
Bear witness, Runnymede's triumphant day,
When struck by Freedom's lightning from the skies
Lo ! on the ground the feudal fabric lies.
A despot court, six centuries of lust,
Had levelled Gallia's lilies with the dust ;
Then Revolution, like a wayward child,
With Freedom's torch spread conflagration wild ;
How, for a season, all the fiends of Hell
Ran rampant, her own Saturnalia tell ;
But, Phoenix-like, I rose from ruin's blaze,
And Western nations blessed my heavenly rays.
Still, still afar in many a Western land,
Where Nature shed her gifts with lavish hand,
Tho' suns shone bright, and ev'ry flow'r was fair,
All, all but Freedom seemed to flourish there ;

* Lucius Junius Brutus and Manlius Torquatus.

To Justice, in their slavedom's dreary woes,
The supplicating wail of millions rose ;
I heard their cry, and straight to Britain gave
The glorious right to free th' ensnackled slave ;
With one accord the sacrifice was made,
To Satan's hounds the priceless ransom paid.
That grand design recalls a deathless name
Emblazoned on th' immortal page of fame,
Where *Wilberforce* towers up to Heaven sublime,
A philanthropic giant to all time.
In holy Russia still cowered servile hordes
Beneath the cruel knout of feudal lords,
When Alexander, fired by Britain's zeal,
For e'er on serfdom placed th' imperial heel ;
Forth from the throne was sent the just decree,
And twenty million helots were set free.
Since then my sword of right on many a field
Has Britain had the privilege to wield,
To check barbarian chieftains' lustful pride,
And 'gainst oppression guard the weaker side ;
Witness the day when on Magdala's height
Her thin red line avenged a savage spite ;
Like Saul, self-slain, the warrior-monarch falls,
While floats the victor's standard o'er his walls ;
The Ashantee as stern a lesson learnt,
When to the ground he saw Coomassie burnt ;

How, in my cause, six hundred heroes fell
For e'er, alas ! shall Isandula tell ;
Firm to the death the little phalanx stood,
And taught their foes how dear was British blood ;
With brighter fame immortalised shall be
Rorke's Drift, the African Thermopylæ,
Where Chard and Bromhead raised that stubborn wall,
And by their splendid courage saved Natal.
My cause abroad 'tis fruitless to maintain,
If I enjoy at home a fettered reign ;
What rival power has trespassed on my realm—
From out these hands has dared to seize the helm ?
Law is my rival—once my hopeful son,
For Law and Justice erst were reckoned one ;
His mother's words her son no longer heeds.
Howe'er at times she passionately pleads.
Soon in new spacious courts he'll be installed,
For Courts of Law, not Justice, are they called ;
A paper porenpine where'er he goes,
His rustling presence frights his timid foes ;
In search of right the poor man halts before
He trusts the mazy windings of the Law ;
The rich alone such luxuries may share,
And leave off poorer than at first they were.
Cadmean contests, where the victors lose
In costs enormous what their counsel choose ;

His hirelings, oft too learned in the Laws,
Show splendid talents to defeat my cause ;
Not soon will Edward Froggatt be forgot,
The mean abettor of a ghastly plot ;
In Dimsdale, too, a legal traitor see,
Who learnt how stern the laws he broke can be.
But Caledonia balked my willing hand
In dealing vengeance on the Glasgow band ;
' Stay now thy lash,' she said, ' thine arm is strong,
It does not pay to keep my felons long ;'
So, thro' her well-known parsimonious care,
Scant punishment for one the two* now share.
Oh, had they liv'd a hundred years ago,
The Tolbooth would have seen a fearful show ;
Above her walls two ghastly forms of death,
A surging mob of yelling fiends beneath.
Deep buried in the gulf of endless shame,
For ever damned lies loathsome Potter's name,
Who kept the Sabbath strictly *sans reproche* ;
But on the Monday robbed another's *poche*.
A Pharisaic hypocrite, whose spoil
Was poor men's hoardings saved by honest toil,
The orphan's all, the widow's little store,
Both vanished in his speculative maw.

* Potter and Stronach.

The rifled palace and the ruined cot,
Each tell of sorrows not so soon forgot.
Truly the heathen poet sang of old,
‘Naught will man shrink from in his thirst for gold.’*
May visions of the ruin Potter spread
Haunt him like phantoms on his dying bed!
May glaring demons dance before his eyes,
And mock his cursed spirit as it flies.
Now ornamental amateurs at Law,
Yclept “J.P.’s,” the Chester rustics awe;
Dressed in their brief authority of pride,
Their hobby-horse of power to death they ride;
My sword they wield as Draco did in Greece,
And punish Moran as they would a Peace;
Perchance their blundering brains may learn in time
Misfortune’s not synonymous with crime;
Till then their magisterial rights efface,
A school-boy’s bench for them’s a better place.
What cruel wrongs—alas for legal shame!—
Centred themselves in William Habron’s name,
Whose reputation with the world unstained
With superhuman effort I regained!
But oh, so mean in heart were those in power,
They paralysed my arm in triumph’s hour;

* “——— Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames!” *Aeneid* III. 56.

And when the day of liberty had come
They sent him forth in shackled freedom home.
Now, son of mortals, thou thyself shalt see
How blind at times my rival's hirelings be,
False sentence giving with mistaken zeal,
Such wounds inflict, they never hope to heal."
The Goddess ceased, and raised her arm on high
To where the polished panel met my eye;
With furtive movement oped the oaken wall,
And darkness seemed at first to cover all;
By the returning light at length I saw
In all its vivid life a Court of Law.
The ermined judge, the jury twelve were there,
And the condemned, with look of wan despair;
The cap of Death o'er Minos' brow was set,
And more than one all-pitying eye was wet;
On one white face was strained the gaze of all,
One voice august broke silence in that hall;
That pale cheek grew e'en paler as it heard
The sentence knelled forth slowly, word by word,
Till the stern death-notes boomed with solemn toll,
"And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."
Majestic o'er me then the Goddess bent,
And breathed the thrilling words, "He's innocent!"
I gazed, but saw no more—the court was gone,
And in its place the oaken panel shone,

Where, thro' the panes, the moonbeams coldly played
With silvery radiance on the heavenly maid.
Long gazed I on her countenance divine,
Where love and pride seemed strangely to combine,
To whom a statuesque repose was given,
Calm as the watchful sentinels of Heaven.
Then spake the Goddess : " Son of mortals, hear
A tale whose sadness mocks the human tear !
What thou hast seen in vision's pictured show,
Was but the prologue to a life-long woe.
The hangman did not gain his guiltless prize,
To feast the morbid lust of fiendish eyes,
For with an ancient Jesuit's cruel skill
The Law can torture when it may not kill.
That life in vain I saved with good intent,
The legal scapegoat o'er the seas was sent ;
Yes, Edmund Galley lives, to British shame,
Beneath the stigma of a felon's name ;
Better for him, for all, had he but died
The blameless victim of judicial pride,
Than thus to show himself in durance long
A living martyr to acknowledged wrong.
Oh ! who can paint those years of mental pain,
The public court—the convict's clanking chain—
But worse than prison form, or scanty food,
Those vile associates of the devil's brood ;

As when the fierce demoniacs of old
Raved their wild frenzy in a human mould,
So there each vice and crime of hellish birth
Clothed in their hideous forms these sons of earth.
To minds like these, the pick of Satan's school,
A guiltless victim seems a paltry fool,
Treated it may be with a silent sneer,
Perchance with scornful taunt, or mocking leer;
For baffled genius only they admire,
And unsuccessful rogues respect inspire,
But Galley's tortures who can hope to know
Throughout those forty years of lengthened woe?
How oft he sighed for that Devonian home
Where once his careless boyhood loved to roam—
The vales and wooded slopes, the sparkling rill,
The ancient city* throned upon a hill,
And more than all, those dearly loved of yore
Whose smiles shall greet him now on earth no more—
All vanished with the irrevocable past,
And he alone is left to bear the blast!
In vain for him I raised my pleading cry,
Which those in power have passed unheeded by;
Each time defiance to my voice was set,
Veiled in the form of pseudo-etiquette;

* Exeter.

Yes, 'etiquette forbade them,' so they said,
'To hurt the feelings of the illustrious dead,'
Who might perchance turn shuddering in their vaults
If any dared to bring to light their faults.
The Median sentence, be it right or wrong,
They could not cancel when observed so long.
Their scanty store of mercy had been drained
When William Habron's freedom was regained.
While those in power procure a fresh supply,
Their second victim may unpardoned die,
Set free by that Great Judge who can alone
To him for all his injuries atone.
Once more for him Astræa intercedes,
Once more with Law she passionately pleads;
Pardon alone his broken heart can crave,
When tottering on the threshold of the grave.
Bestow that pardon, as ye are Christian men,
And thwart not Justice in her rights again.
If not, no longer here I'll deign to dwell,
And woe to Britain when I bid farewell!"
She ceased, and faded from my sight away.
I oped my eyes, and it was glorious day.
The sun was glancing on the oaken floor,
The realistic dream of night was o'er.

May, 1879.

The Kiss of Death.

Suggested by Lord Beaconsfield's pathetic allusion to the death
of H.R.H. the late Princess Alice.



I.

A MOTHER bends her weeping eyes
Upon the form she may not clasp,
For Fever round his precious prize
Has coiled himself with weak'ning grasp.

II.

She may not touch—she may not kiss
Those lips so red—those cheeks so fair ;
Contagion in those buds of bliss
All serpent-like lies hidden there.

III.

The flower that blooms so pure and bright
All subtly now the poison hides ;
'Twixt mother's love and Reason's right
A mother's love, alas ! decides.

IV.

She springs to him with wild embrace,
Inhaling all his rosy breath,
But knew not, as *he* kissed her face,
It was the fatal Kiss of Death.

The Colours of the 24th.



I.

'TWAS on that ever-fatal morn
When demon force o'erwhelmed the brave,
Who gladiatorial fought forlorn,
And for each life ten death-blows gave.

II.

Beside the Buff'lo's swollen stream
Melville and Coghill sank to die.
Their fight was o'er ; their sabres' gleam
No more shall daunt the savage eye.

III.

Like Britons true they fought and died,
When all but Honour's cause was lost,
And saved those Colours of their pride
At life's stern sacrificial cost.

IV.

'Tis ours those Colours to enshrine,
So dearly bought by heroes' blood ;
Then place them in the fane divine,
For valour glows a fire from God.

Elegiac Stanzas,

Written at the Request of a Friend on a Young Lady who
was Bride and Widow within Six Months.



I.

THY short, sweet dream of bliss is o'er,
Tho' scarce hath fled thy bridal morn;
With grief thy breast is stricken sore,
And from thy heart thy Love is torn.

II.

Where lately on thy happy brow
Entwined the orange blossom wreath,
Thy widow's sable tokens now
Betray thee as the bride of Death.

III.

All mirage-like the future rose,
Elysian to thy hopeful eyes;
But now, too soon, bereavement shows
What desert waste before thee lies.

IV.

And as, when midst the parting storm,
The rainbow's hues of promise shine,
E'en so may Hope, in rainbow form,
Shed comfort on that heart of thine.

Mary Queen of Scots' Farewell
to France.



I.

SLOWLY the galley moved,
As if half conscious of the heart it tore
From that dear land so passionately loved—
From Calais' fading shore.

II.

All thro' that livelong night
Had Mary yearned to view those cliffs again,
And tho' the morn had blest her thirsting sight,
'Twas but a boon of pain.

III.

Her couch lay on the deck,
Dewed by her lustrous eyes with glistening tears,
For to her breast that faint receding speck
Recalled most cherished years.

IV.

Years when the days had wings,
And sped as swiftly as the joys they brought,
Years o'er which childhood fascination flings,
With innocence fraught.

V.

Close had that childish heart
Clung to that land, e'en as its native vine
Around the stakes, with nature's simple art,
Its loving arms doth twine.

VI.

While round her shrieked the birds,
And the dim shore was fading into blue,
With tears she sighed the fondly spoken words,
“ Adieu, chère France, adieu !”



The Martyr King.



I.

THE tragedy is over,
From Charles's princely brow
The regal diadem is snatched,
And England's kingless now.

II.

Along the silent roadway,
With tend'rest loving care,
Their murdered master's headless corse
His faithful servants bear.

III.

The winter sun is setting,
With deep and lurid glow ;
And slowly from the leaden sky
Descends the feath'ry snow.

IV.

Upon the mournful bearers
The airy flakelets fall,
And robe the monarch's simple bier
As with a saint's pure pall.

V.

It was a holy symbol,
By nature's voice exprest,
That a spirit, spotless as the snow,
Had gained eternal rest.

Spanish and English Maids.



I.

'NEATH warmer climes let others seek
Those soft, voluptuous, downcast eyes—
That mellow flush on beauty's cheek,
As tints the clouds when daylight dies.

II.

I love the large, blue, melting eye
That flashes from a Saxon face,
Pure as the maiden's native sky—
With all its truth-bespeaking grace.

III.

Of Spanish maids' wild waving hair,
Dark as the raven's glossy wing,
Streaming like storm-clouds on the air,
Let lovers fond impassioned sing.

IV.

I love the silken locks that flow
In streams of gold or auburn hue,
O'er which the breezes love to blow,
And sigh to breathe their fond adieu.

V.

Let others seek, let others praise,
The Spanish maid's soul-winning smile ;
They cannot boast those open ways
That grace the daughters of our isle.

The Prophecy of Carolan.



I.

LADY, the muse of joy hath flown,
A mystic spell enchains this lyre ;
Hark to the weird and death-like tone
That breathes from ev'ry trembling wire.

II.

In vain my fluttering fingers ply
Their art to wake a joyous strain ;
Lady, for thee my harp-strings sigh,
Thy daughter will not long remain.

III.

'Tis this, 'tis this that lulls in gloom
The echoes of each tuneful string—
Thy rose shall perish in its bloom
Ere it can feel the winter's sting.

IV.

So true he spake, prophetic bard,
When autumn tinged the leaves with red,
No more Elvira's voice is heard—
For she is with the quiet dead.

V.

Beside her tomb on many an eve
Her parents stand with faces wan,
And there all silently they grieve,
And sighing think of Carolan.

IN ERATRIS MEMORIAM.



I.

OH! they who die young are the fav'rites of Heaven,
And thou, our last darling, art numbered with
those,
For to mortal no lovelier spirit was given
Than a spirit like thine, that was bright to its close.

II.

Yes, bright to its close, when upon thee dear eyes
With sorrow bedimmed were in tenderness cast,
And which gazed as we gaze at an arc of the skies,
When in coloured gradations 'tis vanishing fast.

III.

And as oft when 'tis faded we picture the bow
In its delicate outlines still lingering there,
So when thou wert gone, seemed so sudden the blow
That hope haunted yet the dark grief of despair.

IV.

So life-like thou seemedst that at the first sight
Affection still fondly forbade us to weep,
But a change o'er thy face told the Soul's blessed flight,
And thy cold marble brow marked eternity's sleep.

V.

Tho' the all-seeing God for a season had veiled
Those fair orbs of thine from the beauties around,
Tho' thou wert with the keenest of sufferings assailed.
From thy cheery young lips broke no murmuring
sound.

VI.

Endowed with the finest of gifts from above,
What mightst thou have wrought in the throng of
mankind,
For when intellect's born the companion of love,
Like the sun where it shines, it leaves blessings
behind.

VII.

Thou hadst in thy blindness a realm of thine own,
Where the sweetest of music, the song of thy birds,
Gave all that was lovely in colour and tone
To thy quick-flashing thoughts wreathed in innocent
words.

VIII.

Yes, they who die young are the fav'rites of Heaven,
And pure angel-boy, thou art numbered with those,
For to mortal no lovelier spirit was given
Than a spirit like thine, that was bright to its close.

On hearing Madame Patey sing
"Caro mio ben."

April 29, 1879.



I.

"CARO mio ben"—those dulcet words
I once heard so divinely sung
That like a harp's vibrating chords
Long in my ear their echo rung.

II.

That grand voice now so gently thrilled,
It seemed to die in heaven above ;
Now, like an organ deep it filled
The soul with its melodious love.

III.

Tho' oft at times I strive to bring
Back to my ear that angel strain,
As from a tomb, but coldly ring
Those sweet dead words, "Caro mio ben."

IV.

If ne'er upon this mortal ear
That voice its full, rich notes may pour,
Perchance in some more blessed sphere,
I yet may hear those sounds once more.

In Memoriam—Charles Mathews,

Who died June, 1878.



I.

HOW strangely sad ! Thalia wept—
'Twas o'er her fav'rite's honoured tomb ;
For death within her realm had crept,
And plunged her merry court in gloom.

II.

Alas ! we miss that well-known form,
So full of sprightliness and grace,
Those lineaments o'er which the storm
Of years and trouble wrought no trace.

III.

That airy spirit Time ne'er marred,
Like to the last a diamond stone,
For all within was firm and hard,
While all without so brightly shone.

IV.

Or like the firefly's sparkling glow
Beneath the gruesome veil of night,
So oft beneath a cloud of woe,
That radiant soul would beam more bright.

V.

As oft on some long summer eve
The sun sinks softly in the west,
And we can scarce as yet believe
Till all is cold that he's at rest.

VI.

E'en so his life's bright summer day
So gently reached its final close
That sunlike, as it passed away,
'Twas radiant in its dying throes.

VII.

When Nature smiled, the curtain fell ;
True tears of grief let those outpour
Who, conquered by his master spell,
Could shed but tears of mirth before.

VIII.

Mourn not, Thalia, for a soul
So blithesome in this world of care,
When freed at length from Earth's control ;
It must indeed be happy there.



España—1873.



I.

THERE is a land fair with its valleys and moun-
tains,
But dark is the tempest that rages within ;
With the red blush of shame are encrimsoned her
fountains,
Her vales but resound to War's clamorous din.

II.

The lover's guitar, with its notes gently tingling
To the accents melodious that flow from his lips ;
As graceful as snowflakes in air intermingling.
Or the steps of his maid as all gaily she trips.

III.

These—these all are hushed, for the trumpet loud
braying
Proclaims that Bellona's wild triumph is nigh ;
And shrilly the terrified coursers are neighing,
While the dun cloud of Battle rolls darkling on
high.

IV.

Tho' prosperity's sun is now hiding his glory
Behind the dark cloud that o'ershadows thy fame ;
Awake, lovely Spain, from thy carnival gory,
And prove thyself worthy a Calderon's name.

The Rose and the Nightingale.



I.

A WAY in the far East a wild rose was blooming
In all the fair charms of virginity's pride,
When as oft as descended the dim shades of gloaming,
The wind of the South o'er her soft petals sighed.

II.

One eve, near the rose a young nightingale lighted,
And poured forth the thrill of his passionate song ;
In vain sighed the zephyr, his amours were slighted,
And vengeance alone could atone for the wrong.

III.

Next eve came the wind, in the fury of madness,
And tore the fair rose from her stem to the ground ;
" Those sweet notes of joy shall be changed into sadness,"

In his glee roared the wind o'er the petals around.

IV.

Again to his love, like a true serenader,
The nightingale came in the blush of the eve ;
And o'er the fell work of the ruthless invader
Sang as mournful a strain as his anguish could weave.

Bruce.



I.

IN mood desponding sat the chief,
Desponding o'er his baffled schemes ;
No thought could bring his breast relief,
No hope of favouring Fortune gleams.

II.

For she with fickle smile had shone
Propitious to his foe's side ;
And now he mourned his fate alone,
The insult to his martial pride.

III.

Full oft in battle's stormiest hour
That arm had dealt destruction round ;
Beneath his broadsword's matchless power
A direful fate the foe had found.

IV.

While thus he mused o'er brighter days,
Ere Fate had wrought his glory's fall,
His wand'ring eye had chanced to raise
Upon the chamber's time-stained wall.

V.

There, 'midst his airy mazes, toiled
A spider at his tedious trade,
Tho' ill success his efforts foiled,
Untired, unbaffled, undismayed.

VI.

Six times the insect-workman failed,
Six times the thread had proved untrue ;
Free from restraint in air it sailed
Conspicuous to the monarch's view.

VII.

Once more the spider tried and brought
The soaring fabric safely down ;
Now with success his toil is fraught,
And Industry obtains her crown.

VIII.

Bruce saw, and pondering at the sight,
The insect's case with his compared ;
Tho' six times vanquished in the fight,
Why should the future be despaired ?

IX.

With hope inspired, once more the chief
Rushed with new ardour to the fray ;
And Saxon widows mourned in grief
At Bannockburn's illfated day.

X.

If e'er thy cherished schemes should fail,
And thinking but despondence bring ;
Of Nature's gentle voice avail,
Remember Bruce, the Scottish King.

Song.



I.

SING, sing, my caged minstrel, sing
Of thy bright isles, those happy bowers
Where fresh as morning thou couldst wing
Thy flight amidst a world of flowers.

II.

Thy robe is woven from the beams
That smile upon thy native wave ;
The melody that from thee streams,
No minstrel e'er a sweeter gave.

III.

And when the soul of slumber smiles,
Years pass in moments o'er again ;
Then wing thee to thy fairy isles,
Nor let thy flight, dear bird, be vain.

IV.

Then sing, my caged minstrel, sing
Of thy bright isles, those happy bowers
Where fresh as morning thou couldst wing
Thy flight amidst a world of flowers.

The Echo.

(For Music.)



I.

I CALLED you, mother, in the glen ;
You answered not : some wilful maid,
Unwont to hear the voice of men,
Mocked me from out the neighb'ring glade.

II.

"Mother!" in wildest tones I cried,
And scarce the word had fled my tongue
When "Mother!" she again replied,
And clear in air the accents rung.

III.

I ran into the wood, and thought
To see the form whose voice I heard.
For many a weary hour I sought ;
I could not find my mocking bird.

IV.

"Fair boy, fair boy, ah, know you not
The viewless sprite that haunts the glade ?
'Twas all in vain you searched the spot,
For Echo is that taunting maid."

Song.



I.

SLEEP on ; sleep on ; no step of mine
Shall e'er profane thy slumbers bright ;
I'll watch that heaving breast of thine ;
I dare not ope those gates of light.

II.

Sleep on ; sleep on ; the wind may kiss
Thy marble brow, thy sunny hair ;
And jealous I must view his bliss,
His stolen joys I may not share.

III.

Sleep on ; sleep on ; the laughing brook
May lull to sleep thy drowsy ear,
And silent I must stand and look,
No accents from my lips you hear.

IV.

Sleep on ; sleep on ; I'll venture now
To taste the fragrance of thy breath.
But, oh ! how icy chill thy brow—
Alas ! it is the sleep of Death.

The Fairy Casket.



I.

I HAVE a fairy casket
Where hidden secrets sleep ;
Ah, will you, dare you ask it,
What treasures it can keep ?

II.

If you should peep within it
You'll think it strange, I ween ;
But if you fairly win it,
Reign o'er it as its queen.

III.

Then take the fairy casket,
Whose gems all brightly shine.
Yes, love, you need but ask it,
Its treasures all are thine.

IV.

But if by chance you break it,
By your inquiring art,
You never can remake it—
That casket is the heart.

Mo **M**ira.



I.

MIDST jewels that blazed overpoweringly bright,
A moonstone scarce visible lay ;
Regarded when in its true aspect of light,
It would flash with peculiar ray.

II.

Ah, I fear me that thus that collection of thine,
Bedecked with the trophies of art,
Resplendently bright, will as dazzlingly shine
As this will shrink humbly apart.

III.

There's one solace, at least, like the moonstone at times,
This may shine with a light all its own ;
Hidden sparkles exist 'neath these roughest of rhymes,
And flash forth their fire like the stone.

IV.

Whoe'er may peruse this, ah ! he will require
Keenest art to discover the flame ;
I'll no longer imprison this secret of fire,
No merit but now do these verses acquire,
Since enshrined in the lines is thy name.

Undine.



I.

THE MERMAIDS' SONG.

" SING, sister mermaids, let your numbers sweep
 In joyful strains resounding thro' the deep;
 And ye, O Tritons, on your conchs proclaim
 In loud and length'ning blasts young Undine's name:
 To-day, to-day, her fifteenth summer smiles
 Upon this daughter of our coral isles;
 Her years of mermaid infancy are o'er,
 Swift thro' the sparkling waters let her soar;
 Yes, let her soar, and catch the rosy day,
 And dart and frolic in the sungilt spray;
 To her fond sire and our time-honoured King
 The fairest flowers of ocean let her bring.
 Then hasten, Undine, to our merry throng,
 And while the hours in festive dance and song;
 And when the sun adown the water glows,
 That eve is nigh each sportive maiden knows;
 Into our sea-shells for the night we creep,
 Rocked into slumber by the rolling deep:
 Oh! what existence vies with mermaids' life,
 Where all with calm serenity is rife?

The billows e'en, that roar at will above,
Melt into crystal in our realm of love,
While wretched mortals on yon neighb'ring shore
Crumble to dust when their short span is o'er ;
For thrice a hundred years below we reign,
Without one hour of human pang or pain ;
Then fade our gentle spirits into foam,
And float for ever on a heaving home."

II.

Such were the strains that rose along the waves,
The mermaids' haunt, but human beings' graves ;
Such were the strains their chorus-leader sang,
That echoing far thro' rosy gardens rang ;
Of vast extent, far gleaming thro' the flood,
The palace of the ocean monarch stood ;
Could but your eyes have seen the glorious fane
They ne'er could wish to gaze on earth again—
Earth, whose chief structures are but things of gloom,
A costly mausoleum, or a tomb,
Which, perfect as a mortal may erect,
Not long survive the ashes they protect.
What tho' Egypta on her desert rears
Deformities to mock a thousand years,
What tho' the monster sphinx be standing now,
With dust of ages on her sullen brow,

What tho' around these be a halo shed,
It is the awful halo round the dead ;
But oh ! amidst a solitude serene,
Far different was the palace submarine ;
This had for ages stood as now it stands,
All freshly blushing from its makers' hands ;
Of ruddy coral were those fairy halls,
With pale green weed festooning o'er the walls ;
Its floor the ever-moving ocean stream,
Gliding like figures in a tranquil dream ;
The columns shaped like waterspouts were pearl,
Twining from floor to dome in snake-like curl.

III.

Forth from the porch proceed a glittering train ;
'Tis Undine, with the daughters of the main ;
She comes—she comes—how gracefully she swims,
Parting the crystal with her radiant limbs !
She scarcely seems to touch the silent wave
Which furtively before her presence gave.
Like some fair swan upon an inland lake
Leaves as she floats along a glittering wake,
So Undine, as all noiselessly she glides,
Leaves her bright footprints on those silent tides.
The richest of all ocean's gems adorn
Those locks, that brow as smiling as the morn ;

Her eyes were of the tend'rest, softest hue,
A tint of sadness breaking thro' their blue.
Blue as the vaulted concave of the night,
Yet lovelier far was their expressive light.
A simple string of orient pearls she wore
Around a neck that Venus might adore.
An amulet embraced each arm of snow,
The fairest working of the nymphs below.
Oh ! had I but Apelles' magic art
To paint the treasured image of my heart !
Oh, Undine, could he but have gazed on thee,
We ne'er had seen his " Venus from the Sea."



Winkelried.



I.

THE cry of war rose on the gale,
Awake, ye Swiss, defend the right !
But what can their poor strength prevail
Against the flower of Austria's might ?

II.

On Sempach's ever hallowed sod,
Whom tame submission could not quell,
Fighting for freedom and his God,
The first Helvetian patriot fell.

III.

In vain they strove to pierce or break
That serried hedge of threat'ning spears,
Where'er they turn a path to make
One mass of bristling points appears.

IV.

But Winkelried with anger flushed
To see th' advance of Austria's pride,
Upon th' extended spears he rushed,
Received them in his heart, and died.

Lines on the Death of Captain Hyde Parker,

OF H.M.S. "FIREBRAND," KILLED AT THE SULINA MOUTH OF
THE DANUBE, JULY 7TH, 1854.



I.

THEY laid him near the sparkling wave
That gently woos the Dacian shore ;
They laid him in a hero's grave,
His hopeful course of glory o'er.

II.

By friends and foes alike admired,
All hallow'd shall his mem'ry be ;
In duty thus to have aspired,
Bright spirit ! let all strive like thee.

III.

How ardent glowed his youthful heart,
Urged on in glory's bright career ;
But now, sad, gloomy thoughts will start,
As gently falls the trick'ling tear.

IV.

But now cold lies our hero dead,
Whom weeping crowds consigned to rest ;
The bright skies shining o'er his head,
His nation's flag upon his breast.

V.

For Dacia's injured rights he fought,
For Dacia's black-eyed maids he fell,
Who, weeping, to his grave resort,
And in their songs his praises tell.

VI.

There, off'rings from some grateful heart
The fairest Eastern roses bloom ;
And as their glist'ning dew drops start,
Shed liquid fragrance o'er his tomb—

VII.

His tomb that looks upon the sea,
Which glad his bounding vessel bore ;
Hark ! how the waves moan mournfully,
And gently kiss the sloping shore.

VIII.

Tho' far, far from his native land,
The hero's honoured dust may lie ;
He hath the fame his deeds demand,
And hero's fame can never die.

IX.

Yes, there in death his corse must lie,
Till Time hath rolled its years away,
Until th' archangel's thrilling cry
Shall wake him to a happier day.

Stanzas.



I.

O H, when at eve thou seest a flower
Bow down its head in seeming death,
Then think thou of that awful hour
When thou shalt yield the parting breath.

II.

And when thou seest at early dawn
The flow'ret ope her petals fair,
Think of the Resurrection morn,
And bend thy knee in solemn prayer.

Stanzas.



I.

AS leaden clouds o'erfilled with rain
Lower threateningly on high,
And pour upon the thirsty plain
The treasures of the sky:

II.

So oftentimes dark storm-clouds swell
Within my troubled breast,
And tears alone can break the spell,
And bid my sorrows rest.

Stanzas.



I.

our
OH, think not when smiles are bright
That sorrow hath no dwelling there,
For eyes that laugh to outward sight
May scarce restrain the secret tear.

II.

So smiles that mask the sorrowing heart
Are but as sunbeams o'er the wave,
Where, tho' their beaming glances dart,
They shine upon the sailor's grave.

Hope.



I.

HOW gloomy would the future seem
When Sorrow's storm-cloud lowers.
If Hope shone not with cheering beam
In this dark world of ours.

II.

She is a beacon to our eyes
To guide us on our way,
And shines amidst the troubled skies
With calm, benignant ray.

III.

Then put away the present gloom,
Nor let your spirit droop ;
Upon your path where'er you roam
There shines the star of Hope.

Paraphrase of Ruth.



I.

I WILL not leave thee, mother dear,
But where thou goest I will go ;
With thee will I remain for e'er,
Thro' joy, thro' sorrow, weal or woe.

II.

And where thou dwellest I will dwell,
My people shall be also thine ;
The God to whom thy praises swell,
That God, dear mother, shall be mine.

III.

And where thou diest I will die,
With thine my corse in death shall rest,
With thine my bones shall buried lie,
At peace beneath the earth's cold breast.

Paraphrase of David's Lament
over Saul and Jonathan.



I.

THE beauty of Israel's fallen,
Her flowers are crushed in their bloom,
The strength of the mighty is broken,
Rejoicing is changed into gloom.

II.

Oh, let not the godless e'er triumph
O'er the Lord's own anointed lain low.
Oh, ne'er let the daughters of Gaza
Exult in an Israelite's woe.

III.

Ye mountains that frown o'er Gilboa !
No more shall the silvery rain
Be sprinkled with moist'ning profusion
On the ground where a monarch was slain.

IV.

Like lions those warriors were standing,
Defying the foe to the end ;
Like lions those warriors perished,
No knee to the Gath would they bend.

The Voice of God.



I.

THINE is the voice, O Lord, we hear,
When thunders roll on high,
That fall upon the awe-struck ear
In dread sublimity.

II.

Thine is the voice, O Lord, we hear
Beside the wild sea shore,
When grandly vibrates o'er the ear
Some bursting billow's roar.

III.

Thine is the voice, O Lord, we hear
When evening breezes sigh,
That whisper gently o'er the ear,
Their soothing melody.

IV.

Thou hast in thunder, wave, and wind,
A mighty voice, O Lord,
That leaves a ling'ring spell behind,
And breathes to us Thy Word.

Dream-Land.



THERE is a time when the o'erwearied brow
 Sinks 'neath the soothing influence of a Power,
 That lethe of the mind and body—Sleep ;
 Then doth the Queen of Thought, the heaven-born
 Soul,

By Reason's helm unfettered, wing her flight
 Into a land of mist and beauty, where
 Unnatural things seem natural, and scenes
 Grotesque in all their phantasy seem real ;
 Our senses too, tho' lulled in Sleep's embrace,
 Inactively perform their active parts ;
 We see, we hear, we feel—but in a dream ;
 At times our day-thoughts disembodied take
 Fantastic forms, that glide from shape to shape
 In combinations wond'rous, and the eye
 Seems as it were to feast herself upon
 The beauties of some vast kaleidoscope.
 In dreams the Lord Omnipotent of Heaven
 Did erst disclose His grand designs to man,
 The mighty workings of His sovereign pow'r.
 And tho' no more He holds with us on earth

Direct communication, yet e'en now
At times the gates of Future are unlocked
The good to cheer, to terrify the bad.
In vain the haunted homicide may seek
His couch for rest ; tho' Sleep may ease his limbs,
No rest is meted to the guilty mind ;
The oracle of God, his conscience, wracks
That wretched breast, and even in his dreams
Nought but the victim of his wrath appears,
Demanding vengeance, imprecating threats.
The ever-sieging thought gnaws at his heart
Like to the vulture in the olden tale,
His day's bravadoes vanish when he cowers
Before the approach of night, dark as the crime
That stamped the brand of Cain upon his brow.
But to the healthy mind how sweet are dreams !
Banished is ev'ry care, and all is calm—
Most eloquently calm, save when at times
The reminiscence of a happy hour
Flits with seraphic movement o'er the scene,
That brightens as it changes, and in vain
The painter's skill in eye-deceiving art
And poet's pen endeavours to describe
The ambrosial ecstasy of such a time.
Oh, land of dreams, that equalisest all
Within thy realms ! The monarch, tho' his head

May rest on silken cushions, is the same
As the poor peasant on his bed of straw ;
The mighty warrior and the helpless babe
Are both as powerless in that mystic state,
That Rubicon that parts our Life from Death.
And thou, O Science, on thine onward march,
Tho' hitherto triumphant, here must fail
In cold investigations, which have robbed
So much from Nature's lustre, and have spoiled
By thy deformed offspring her fair face.
Vainly thou striv'st to tear aside the veil
That guards the mysteries of this lovely fane,
Thou ne'er shalt pierce the halo that surrounds
The charms of this Protean Paradise.



Pitcairn's Island.

PRIZE POEM, BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
June, 1873.



MORN rolls away the sombre veil of night,
And wakes the waters with her burst of light ;
The wild Pacific, fresh'ning into life,
Shakes his white locks, and roars in playful strife.
All is rejoicing save Pitarnia's Isle
That in the midst seems far too sad to smile ;
A mystic stillness haunts the rugged shores,
Save when some deep-voiced billow bursting roars—
Save when some sea-bird shrieks with fitful scream,
Dipping her wing in ocean's sunlit gleam :
A sullen frown seems stamped upon the rocks
That scowl unmoved by ocean's threat'ning shocks.
On such a morn, tho' years have rolled between,
That dreary shore beheld a varied scene ;
In busy labour move an eager band
Around yon bark high-grounded on the strand.
Who may they be ? Why hither have they come
Far from mankind to seek a lonely home ?

Rebels they are, a rebel for their chief,
Whose gnawing conscience yields him no relief.
By day, by night are pictured on his brain
Those victims cast adrift upon the main :
Now keen Remorse with all her kindred pangs
Preys on his heart with unrelenting fangs,
And bids him seek this solitary spot
To strive to live forgetting and forgot :
Here in repentance from his breast to cast
The agonising burden of the past.
He bids them fire the bark, 'tis done—on high
The sable smoke rolls curling to the sky,
A yellow glare the flames shoot o'er the bay
Leaping like demons round their fated prey.
Wild was the sight, above the fiery glow,
In varied groups a rugged crowd below,
With giant forms, strong limbs, and depth of chest
The Otaheitans towered above the rest,
Women were there whose dark voluptuous eye
Glanced fearless at the sparks that sported by,
No British maidens these, tho' soft their smile,
The dark-haired daughters of a distant isle,
These had the rebels brought their homes to cheer,
For lone is life when woman is not near ;
The flames are fed, what bounds their ravage mark ?
The blackened ribs of what was once—a bark ;

The band take one last look, then leave the shore,
And bend their steps the isle to traverse o'er,
Tho' small it seemed, yet Heaven had richly blest
The fertile treasury of its fruitful breast.
The cocoa-palm here greets their grateful eyes
Whose luscious harvest food and drink supplies,
The fig-tree here her branches from above
Bends to the earth with strange fantastic love,
A leafy dome affording lofty shade
With beauty crowns the rustic colonnade.
At length a hill they gained ; beneath them lay
A wooded slope ; beneath again the bay.
Downwards they speed with hearts free as the foam
That crests the billows round their island home.
'Tis reached, they choose a site, soon far and near,
Nought but the ring of axes greets the ear ;
Their sturdy blows the neighbouring echoes wake,
And bid the monarchs of the forest quake :
Full many a tree with leafy glory crowned
Bows his majestic head and strews the ground.
They hew them planks and toil the time away,
Their village grows with each succeeding day ;
At length it stands in its completed form,
Of beauty void, yet proof against the storm.
Tho' rude it was, e'en with a kindling pride,
They saw the homes so long to them denied ;

Fourfold it stood in even order placed,
The square enclosed a grassy centre graced ;
The plumed companions of the farm there strode,
Oft there at dawn his herald loudly crowed.
Such was the isle where Providence had cast
Their happy lot, but ah ! too bright to last.
All seemed at peace, th' horizon shining clear,
And none could dream an awful storm so near :
It burst at length, fell Murder's reddening hand
Wrought direful havoc in that little band ;
One man was left upon whose altered mind
The fearful scenes had left their stamp behind,
Yet still remained that fixed and firm control,
Tho' fled the baser passions of his soul.
The new-born race regarded him with awe,
His will was statute, and his word was law ;
In times of discord or the hour of grief
To him they came for counsel or relief ;
Deeply they loved him, for he earned their love,
Leading their hearts to purer hopes above ;
Each day at noon the solemn call was given
For a short time to yield their thoughts to heaven,
To wend to yonder rugged house of prayer,
And hear the words of comfort uttered there.
They sent the young by his appointed rule
To the small church that served them as a school ;

When tasks were o'er how swift they'd break away
And seek their playfield, e'en the restless bay,
Soon are they plunging midst the heaving tides
Whose giant force their merry shout derides,
Soon are they tossing with the feath'ry foam,
Sporting like dolphins in their native home ;
Such was their hour of glee, the fresh'ning wave
A healthful vigour to the bodies gave,
Sturdy they grow and stalwart to the sight,
Both strength and grace their manly forms unite.
Beauteous the maidens with that deep-hued cheek
And glorious eye that kindling souls bespeak ;
Oft would the chief as even-tide drew nigh
Gaze at the village with a pensive eye,
Oft at the thought that aged heart would smile
That he was monarch of the happy isle.
Thus they lived on in calm and joyous life
All unembittered by rebellious strife,
Apart from all the follies of the time,
Unstained by lust, and ignorant of crime,
Bound to each other by a magic tie
A glowing model of fraternity.
O Providence, how wondrous are Thy schemes,
So far beyond the wisest of our dreams,
We can but bow our heads, and stand in awe,
As all unversed in Thine ordaining law ;

From such a stock 'twas strange good fruit should
spring,

That awful deeds such happiness should bring,

That order's foe should by Thy will become

Her strongest champion in his island home,

That a dark rebel was designed to be

Chief of a thriving people proudly free.

At length he died, that old and revered
chief,

His children mourned him with bereavement's
grief,

Years passed away, a few more happy years,

Till the last change upon the scene appears ;

Sad was the hour that broke the kindred tie,

That talismanic bond of purity,

Sad was the hour they left their long-loved
isle,

Gone was that brightness never more to smile.

Still and deserted stands the village there,

No voice, no sound to break the silent air,

Save when the trees their rustling branches wave

In mournful requiem o'er that humble grave.

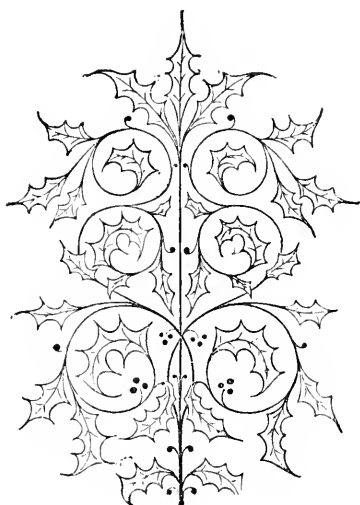
No more shall children at the close of day

Upon that green in merry gambols play,

No more shall parents when their toil is o'er

Gaze at the pastimes from their cottage door.

Such things are of the past, the present brings
But Solitude and Silence on her wings ;
A breathing melancholy around is cast,
It is the mournful Spirit of the Past.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

As originally acted at Covent Garden Theatre in 1775.

<i>Sir Anthony Absolute</i>	...	Mr. Shuter.
<i>Captain Absolute</i>	Mr. Woodward.
<i>Faulkland</i>	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Acres</i>	Mr. Quick.
<i>Sir Lucius O'Trigger</i>	...	Mr. Lee.
<i>Fag</i>	Mr. Lee-Lewes.
<i>David</i>	Mr. Dunstal.
<i>Thomas</i>	Mr. Fearon.
<i>Mrs. Malaprop</i>	Mrs. Green.
<i>Lydia Languish</i>	Miss Barsanti.
<i>Julia</i>	Mrs. Bulkley.
<i>Lucy</i>	Mrs. Lessingham.

Prologue to "*The Rivals*,"

As acted at Bedford in 1875.

ONE moment pause we ere the curtain rise,
 To feast the longing of impatient eyes ;
 One moment, yes, for as I gaze along,
 I read upon your faces, " Don't be long !"
 Oh, age of rivalry, when ev'ry trade
 Strives hard to thrust its neighbour in the shade !
 They aim to see, the architects of shoes,
 How little genuine leather they can use ;

And Esculapius' sons, with practised skill,
All strive to find some surer mode to kill ;
But now in Cupid's realm as in that age
"The Rivals" ever take the foremost stage.
Not here shall Woodward, with his fearless eye,
The matchless Shuter as his sire defy.
Fain would I grant it, but ye will not see
Sir Lucius boasting in the form of Lee.
"Oh, for one hour" of fair Barsanti's art,
To play the *Lydia Languish* of the heart !
Alas, you sigh in vain for Mrs. Green—
That matchless *Malaprop* has fled the scene !
A century has passed, and still the play
Attracts as fair an audience as they—
As they, who studied well each graceful turn ;
But we've no "School for Scandal" where to learn ;
We are but embryo actors—from that fact
Perchance you'll wonder how we mean to act.
We'll act straightforward, and we'll only ask
The due reward of such a pleasing task :
And now farewell ; when gratified your gaze,
If swift to censure, be not slow to praise.

January 11, 1875.

The Fancy Ball.



I.

THERE lived within the precincts of a town
Which boasted of its theatre, and its stronghold.
A certain Mr. and a Mrs. Brown ;
His trade, sartore, if you must be told,
He won his spurs, no, medals of renown,
By pricking o'er a broadcloth field for gold,
So that he was considered for gallantry.
Perfection's pink, in needle-knight-errantry.

II.

He won his medals, how d'ye think ? By war ?
Nay, by a peace, and by a goodly piece
Of broadcloth, was his fame reported far—
Wafted to Paris on a favouring breeze ;
L'Exposition des Sciences et des Arts
Gave him these medals : *délices de délices !*
The royal arms blazed o'er his shop-door since
He made a pair of trousers for the Prince.

III.

They say that nine sartores make a man,
And here it was conspicuously true,
For he was just four cubits and a span,
Or fifteen hands ; each measurement will do,

For like my hero, I suit all I can,
A Protestant, a Catholic, a Jew ;
The Hebrew's stiff, without the least pretence,
But both are racy in a sort of sense.

IV.

His spouse was large, a kind of largeness which
Makes a small man most despicably small ;
Had he not been most fortunately rich,
His friends would scarce have noticed him at all ;
And thus he'd dream, whilst plying stitch on stitch,
That in their estimation he was tall :
His spouse was large, and weighed in flesh and
bone
Nigh half an Orton—*i.e.*, thirteen stone.

V.

They had one child, a lovely little damsel,
That stole the hearts of half the customers,
With eye as bright as that of a gazelle,
And with that merry, dimpling smile of hers,
Which breathed a language that no words can tell,
And held enchained admiring worshippers—
A melting smile that the whole soul entrances,
As when the moon on rippling water dances.

VI.

She was as dark as any little Grecian,
Or a young Spaniard, so then take your choice ;
She had received a very fair tuition,
Could sing the "Lurley" with a faultless voice—
Brought out the tones with clear and neat precision,
Without that affectation that annoys.
Of course in th' original, none could spoil
Old Heine's best ragout with English oil.

VII.

Moreo'er she played with skill on the piano-
Forte, or rather after tea, a time
Devoted to improve her voice soprano
With songs that breathed of almost ev'ry clime ;
She looked a perfect Lurley on her scanno
(I'm obliged to use the Italian for rhyme),
A Lurley on her rock the music stool,
Your heart the boat wrecked in a whirling pool.

VIII.

Ah, if you'd seen those fairy fingers straying
Over those keys in evolutions strange,
You would forgive slight errors in her playing ;
While deftly she from right to left doth range

(I think I may assert what I am saying),
Her thousand charms would so much disarrange
Your thoughts, and your attention so engage,
That you would fail in time to turn her page.

IX.

Her name was Mabel, which imprudent suitors
Changed into Ma Belle; these she could not bear.
To whom she had by far preferred her tutors,
For they at least had intellectual air;
She knew the golden butt of these sharpshooters,
And so she foiled their efforts everywhere—
Amused herself awhile with their prostrations,
Then sent them cursing to their occupations.

X.

The Christmas bills had all been issued out,
A certainly most bilious time for those
Who cannot pay for trouser, vest, or coat,
And wish that there were no such things as clothes,
And that we might, like Indians, roam about
Clothed *négligé* in skins, free from the woes
Of dress—a good idea for speculation,
But hardly suited for the English nation.

XI.

The bills were paid, both to and by our hero ;
He sheathed his shears, and panted for some fun—
Not panted, for the glass had nigh reached zero,
And in the dog-days such strange things are done,
He longed and knew not how to have it, vero
He capped decision with this lovely pun :
“ I have a fancy, in our own Town Hall
I'll treat this fancy to a fancy ball.”

XII.

He fairly floored his spouse by this assertion,
For such occurrences were seldom known,
She ne'er cut capers save on the nasturtium
Bed, and now wondered where his sense had flown ;
But he, by means of buttery coercion,
Smoothed into reason madam's angry tone ;
She then agreed, and hurried off to Mabel,
Who showed her joy by waltzing round the
table.

XIII.

At length the day arrived ; in preparation
They spent the morning in the city hall ;
Banners were hung by way of decoration,
And holly mottoes gleamed upon the wall ;

And as a proof 'gainst colds and inflammation,
They curtained up the side approaches all,
And laid some soft warm red cloth on the floor,
Right from the porch up to the ball-room door.

XIV.

At half-past nine o'clock a carriage waited
Before Sartore's mansion, till at last
With muffled-up humanity 'twas freighted,
And soon towards the hall 'twas whirling fast,
But more than once against the kerb they grated
As the fly rattled the street corners past ;
'Twas hardly snowing, but most hardly freez-
ing ;
Ah ! woe to those whose tendency is wheezing !

XV.

'They reached the hall, alighted, passed within,
Uncloaked themselves before a blazing fire ;
Here madam loudly clamoured for a pin,
Which she obtained from Mabel's honoured sire,
Who cursed in heart her tongue's unruly din,
And hinted she might keep such needfuls by her.
About their costumes I will tell you, and sir,
If you will wait, in this succeeding stanza.

XVI.

Sartore was in olden style attired,
A style which women ever have adored,
And e'en our hero was with pride inspired
When decked with wig, lace ruffles, and a sword ;
Moreo'er he had what once was much admired,
And what but very few could well afford—
I mean a diamond buckle on each shoe,
Which round about his feet a lustre threw.

XVII.

Now, madam, being a doubly deep-read woman,
Both in external features and in books,
Assumed in dress a character which no man
Could recognise in judging by her looks ;
She would have made a fortune for a showman,
Or a poor farmer scaring off his rooks.
She had assumed—ah, you will laugh, I ween—
The dress of Egypt's flippant, flaunting Queen.

XVIII.

She was bedecked with flimsy ornaments,
Gigantic earrings which she thought were pearl,
Which would have raised a gourmand's loud laments
Had she presumed these in his cup to hurl.

Her teeth would raise a sceptic's keen comments,
So also would her hair's voluptuous curl.
She was, in vain she tried her art to wheedle,
'Bout as much like Cleopatra as her Needle.

XIX.

Now, Mabel was attired quite *à la Grecque*,
In the most spotless satin vest, whose hue
Might vie with swan's-down, fitted to bedeck
That lovely form, o'er which a jacket blue
She wore, with gold lace trimmed about the neck,
And pearls in circles tasteful to the view ;
Her jupe was most artistically made,
Bordered with pearls on damask and brocade.

XX.

The Grecian cap, in gold and scarlet gleaming,
Poised jauntily upon her head she wore,
From which, all wild, her own dark locks 'scaped
streaming,
As if to make her lovely yet the more—
Locks that surpassed John Chubb's inventive
dreaming—
Hers tethered hearts, while his an iron door.
But hark ! the band is tuning for the ball,
That most excruciating part of all.

XXI.

Just then pealed out, upon the frosty air,
The hour of ten, vibrating loud and clear.
Then to the hall proceed the worthy pair,
And lovely Mabel follows in the rear.
To whom shall I our heroine compare ?
I know, but all will not agree, I fear.
She looked, *par excellence*, Gulnare all over,
That dashing girl who freed the prisoned rover.

XXII.

The ball-room looked *très charmante* on the whole,
For most things look far prettier by night—
Thus Mabel thought, for she could scarce control
A hurried exclamation of delight ;
It was not strange the dear little soul
Saw matters in a rather different light ;
All was in keeping, flags, lamps, holly mottoes,
And natty little programmes sent from Gotto's.

XXIII.

The orchestra consisted of a flute,
Two violins, and one violoncello,
That groaned its notes like some expiring brute
Who had not quite enough strength left to bellow.

There was a drum which ought to have been mute,
There was a harp with accents soft and mellow ;
All these were raised upon a stage, whose
border
Was formed of shrubs and plants, in tasteful
order.

XXIV.

The band, being now in readiness all seated,
Strike up at once. Hark how the violini,
Their tuning agonies being quite completed,
Bring out that glorious offspring of Bellini !
“ The Druid’s March ” our noble trio greeted.
Oh, could they’ve heard it played by Paganini,
That one-stringed Orpheus, who by magic art
Could melt to tears the most reluctant heart !

XXV.

But suddenly young Mabel colours high,
Her ear has caught a long-expected sound,
Excitement’s sparkle kindles in her eye,
That glances upon every object round ;
Each moment brings the vehicle more nigh,
How its wheels rattle on the iron ground !
It stops, and lands the first arrivals safe,
But at the cold, perhaps, inclined to chafe.

XXVI.

When at the door they found a servant waiting
With Aaron-like appendage to his chin,
Who took their cards, which were employed for
stating

The name in which they should be ushered in,
And led them to the hall, half hesitating,

His features struggling to keep down a grin.

“The King, the Queen, the Knave of Hearts!”
he cried,

Then hurried off to have his laugh outside.

XXVII.

In sixty minutes all the guests had come,

Keeping the little usher well employed.

Not that it made him gloomy-grand, or glum,

For their fantastic costumes he enjoyed;

But in his heart he curs'd the names of some,

Which seemed to be of sound and meaning void,

As Henri Quatre, or Margaret of Anjou,

But by a friendly “H.” he struggled thro’.

XXVIII.

The music struck up for the first quadrille,

Which was in fact a quadrille *à la carte*,

And called forth madam’s best arranging skill

To place the couples with effective art;

At length there are no ugly gaps to fill,
And eager as unleashed hounds they start.
Now Mabel had a dangerous partner by her,
The Knave of Hearts, which made hers burn
like fire.

XXIX.

It really was a very pretty sight
To see so many hues in rapid motion,
All weirdly blending 'neath that dazzling light
So famed in Roman Catholic devotion.
A garden, waving with its blossoms bright,
Would give you but the very faintest notion ;
It looked (this is not too far drawn, I hope)
A charming animate kaleidoscope.

XXX.

The next dance was a waltz—voluptuous air—
Gliding like billiard-balls upon a table
(That came in most appropriately there)—
Dan Godfrey's *chef-d'œuvre*, the adorèd "Mabel."
That laureate to Terpsichore the fair,
The Muse of twinkling feet, as saith the fable—
But I forgot "Mon Rêve's" soft, dreamy charm—
Dan and Waldteufel must divide the palm.

XXXI.

Now, Mabel's shoes were shaped like little boats,
Which were with Grecian costume quite in keeping,
In which, all naturally, she lightly floats
In graceful circles past the couples sweeping ;
Soft swell the orchestra's luxurious notes,
Which some profaned by most ungainly leaping,
Occasionally varied by a tumble,
Which threw their followers in a hopeless
jumble.

XXXII.

There were some personages in that room
Who ne'er had met on earth by any chance,
But bursting through the barriers of the tomb,
Were quite convivial at a Christmas dance ;
There was the Black Prince, with his sable plume,
Talking with Louis Quatorze, King of France ;
There was a jester waltzing with a nun,
A kind of thing that's very rarely done.

XXXIII.

Fair Anjou's partner was a young dragoon,
Who looked more fit for waltzing than for war,
There were four crowned heads, famed in each saloon
Of gamblers for three centuries or more ;

And now they gambolled to a merry tune,
Club, Heart, Spade, Diamond, that magic four,
Concerning whom (you'll grant me this concession)
I'm going to make a very slight digression.

XXXIV.

King Club is black, an emblematic sign
Of a dark club composed of gambling knaves,
King Diamond's riches captivating shine,
King Heart rules o'er the hearts of these poor slaves;
And when are fled the charms of game and wine,
Then comes King Spade to dig the gamblers' graves.
Such is the history of these potent Kings,
But here they were not quite such dreadful things.

XXXV.

There were besides some curious freaks of nature,
Such as th' united presence of each season—
A puzzling thing for weather nomenclature,
And it would seem a little out of reason ;

These were four sisters of imposing stature,
Whom to call ugly would have been high treason.
There were, besides, both Day and Night
together—
I wonder if 'twould influence the weather.

XXXVI.

Fancy a charity girl within those walls,
Looking so flippant in her moral dress,
Who once, beneath the dome of great St. Paul's,
Demurely different seemed. ye must confess ;
Her partner was (the prudish this appals)
The dashing owner of the brave Black Bess,
Tell not the governors of her institution,
Else they might deem her presence a pollution.

XXXVII.

The hours flew fast, with waltz, quadrille, and
lancers,
Till one o'clock, the supper-time, was nigh,
When Sartore, all courteous, led his dancers
Into the gorgeous supper-room close by.
Of course there were no abnegating answers ;
Well was repaid each stomach and each eye,
Which beat the stomachs hollow, to be able
To take in, all at once, that sumptuous table.

XXXVIII.

It was indeed most marvellously laid,
Quite a *chef-d'œuvre* in gastronomic art,
A sight that would undoubtedly have made
E'en mighty Soyer at its beauty start ;
In all the silver and each sparkling blade,
There Vanity might gaze with all her heart ;
Each goblet seemed (till filled with foaming
Bass)
Not meant for drinking, but a looking-glass.

XXXIX.

At one end was a boar's head, highly garnished,
And at the other a fowl *mayonnaise*,
By which the cook's fame was in no way tarnished,
Its very fowlness brought her greater praise ;
The tongues and ham were shining as if varnished,
But I suppose they merely had been glazed ;
The beverages claret and champagne,
And also Bass and punch *à la Romaine*.

XL.

There were six waiters elegantly dressed,
With the most irreproachable brushed hair,
Assiduous in performing each request,
And fluttering with their napkins everywhere ;

But in these days with truth 'twill be confessed
That servants have too splendid clothes to wear;
I do not think a seventeenth century ghost
Could tell which was the butler, which the
host.

XLII.

But who's our heroine's partner at the table?
She had secured the cunning Knave of Hearts, .
Or rather he secured the wanton Mabel,
Enchanting her by his alluring arts;
And still, according to the ancient fable,
He had a curious aptitude for tarts.
But yet he was amusing and polite,
And kept his partner blushing with delight.

XLIII.

It was a joyful scene of festive cheer—
Hark how knives, plates, and forks in concert
clatter!
Sweet music to an epicure's ear,
Mixed with a hundred tongues' loquacious chatter,
As if they had not met for many a year—
We'll pardon Darwin for the monkey matter,

If these be human beings talking here—

Mingled with chattering tongues and clattering
forks.

At times, pop goes champagne bespattering
corks.

XLIII.

Old Time, when speeding on a path of flowers,
Goes faster than is usual, they say ;
But here, with fruit and wine in beauty's bowers,
Like minutes three half-hours he stole away ;
For when young beauty puts forth all her powers
Who can resist her all-enchanting sway ?
At last the band strike up—hark ! 'tis *the*
lancers !
Haste to the hall, O ye impatient dancers !

XLIV.

Soon move they in those figures so confusing,
Which, being pretty, never will be plain.
At least I know some always will be losing
Their whereabouts in forming the grand chain;
Perhaps to others it may be amusing,
While the poor victim feels somewhat insane,
And strict Terpsichoreans scowl and frown,
Longing to knock the impious being down.

XLV.

In waltz, quadrille, their nimble steps they guide,
And like their feet swift sped the hours along—
Some in the *deux temps*, some the *trois temps*, glide,
Winding their way the mazy ranks among,
Nor did the fervour of the dance subside
Till cock-crow startled this oblivious throng ;
Then by degrees the guests began to leave,
Tho' not without a worthy cause to grieve.

XLVI.

Sartore saw them all safe from the hall,
Playing the courteous host up to the last,
Hoping they had enjoyed the Fancy Ball,
Remarking that the snow was falling fast.
“ Madam, let me assist you with your shawl
To keep your throat protected from the blast.”
At length his fly arrived at half-past four,
He and his party reach their mansion door.

XLVII.

Now, “ would you be so much surprised to hear ”
That Mabel never more forgot that eve,
Since, ere the expiration of a year,
She learnt that love was real to believe.

She married her own Knave of Hearts, the dear ;
And, strange to say, there were "no cards" to
leave ;
And old Sartore, watching them at play,
"The little cards have turned out trumps,"
would say.



A Riddle.



I'M softer than wool, and I'm lighter than air,
 Tho' I last but a moment I banish all care ;
 Like a flakelet of snow, like the dew on the flower,
 Thus gently I fall with a soul-wooing power.
 At greetings, at partings, too, often I'm heard,
 And my voice is as sweet as the voice of a bird,
 All dulcet and low as the soft summer wind,
 For sweet is the essence that lingers behind.
 To churches I'm bidden, where, when I alight,
 They are fair seats indeed that my labours requite ;
 On a chair of red coral of loveliest hue,
 For a moment I rest like a bright drop of dew,
 Then away I am gone, far away, far away,
 For many engagements have I in one day.
 Perchance at some time I may light upon you,
 And I think with reluctance you'll bid me adieu.

Epigrams.



LAST night Lady F., in the sweetest of dresses,
Some people thought lovely, but others quite plain;
Ah, poor Lady F.! all the charms she possesses
Are profusely displayed at the end of her chain.

WHEN released from the Bank, Charles devotes all
his powers—
Poor fellow!—to music, in which he quite shines.
Only natural, dear madam, each day for eight hours
Is his finger on notes and his eye ledger-lines.

“WHEN your poor dad was buried, little Snap read
the will ;
Come, tell us your luck, Tom, and banish regrets.”
“Ah, I’m sole legatee.” “Eh, what, grumbling
still ?”
“So would you, for the ‘little all’ left me are debts.”

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

THE Reverend Bartholomew Bashful, they say,
Preaches sermons of others, so people despise 'em ;
The reverse I maintain, let them think what they may,
The sermons are his, for I know where he buys 'em.

ON THE WORD *νεκρῶν*.

THERE'S a word in the Greek which at times means
“ to marry,”
At times 'tis translated “ to bury the dead ”—
Which paradox verbal one meaning may carry,
“ He entombs all his bachelor joys who is wed.”

Emma Mine.

Written at the Request of a Friend.



I.

OH, Emma mine, oh, Emma mine,
Thou hast betrayed a trusting lover,
I ne'er thought in that breast of thine
Such traits perfidious to discover.

II.

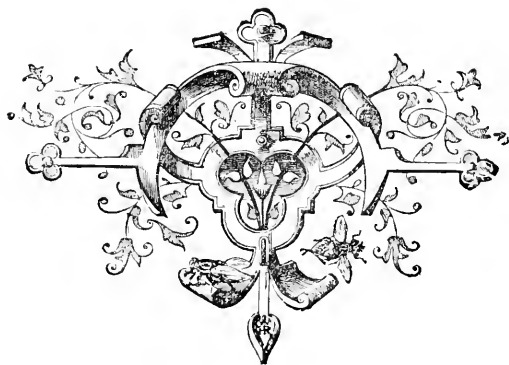
Oh, Emma mine, oh, Emma mine,
What glorious castles in the air
Have faded into ether fine
When truth shone forth, my traitor fair!

III.

Oh, Emma mine, oh, Emma mine,
My hopes, all mirage-like, are blighted;
Like bubbles on a sparkling wine
They've fled, and left me spurned and slighted.

IV.

Oh, Emma mine, thy fate is sealed,
No longer after thee I pine !
Thy mouth thy flimsy worth revealed,
Oh, falsely treach'rous Emma mine !



Bendemeer's Stream.



I.

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day
long.

In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,

For oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think, is the nightingale singing there yet?

Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

II.

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gathered while freshly they
shone,

And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer when summer was
gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,

An essence that breathes of it many a year ;

Thus bright to my soul as 'twas then to my eyes .

Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

MOORE.

(IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.)

I.

EST prope Salsonis ripam domus arcta rosarum,
Attis ubi longos recreat arte dies,
Parvulus e roseis nidis haurire solebam
Ah ! velut Elysii somnia carmen avis ;
Sæpe domûs animo cantûs que recurrit imago
Quæ Pietas imo pectore clausa fovet.
Vere novo meditor, modulatur an Attis ut olim ?
An prope Salsonem fragrat ut ante rosa ?

II.

Somnia vana ! rosæ mox deperiere caducæ
Rore tamen vernans flos mihi lectus erat,
Sæpe meos sensus, postquam discesserit æstas,
Occupat æstatis leniter omnis odor.
Haud secus elicitedum Pietate manebit in ævum,
Nescio quid grati temporis ante perit ;
Sic animo splendet, visu splendebat ut olim
In placidi ripæ fluminis arcta domus.

A Reflection at Sea.



I.

SEE how beneath the moonbeam's smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring, then subsides to rest.

II.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into Eternity.

MOORE.

(IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.)

I.

O VIDEN ut tumidum furtim levat undula pectus
Spargit ubi tremulas Luna serena faces,
Illa quidem breviter spumans breviterque coruscans
Ut tener in cunis murmure lene tacet.

II.

Sic homo, ludibrium Fati durive bonive,
In pelago varii Temporis usque tumet,
Illius et postquam sit pars exacta laboris,
Oceano ævorum solvitur omnis homo.

I WAS in my garden, a-slaying of snails.
I saw my young slaves a-slaying of snails.
Who ho! my young slaves, a-slaying of snails?
If you slay snails, slaves, slay young snails, slaves.

ANON.

* * *

HE whose gloves are clean and white
May wear them yet another night ;
But he who wears them parties twain
May never wear the same again.

ANON.

* * *

IF the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

JOHNSON.

(IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.)

MANE ego limaces hortum per forte necabam,
Hei mihi ! limaces servula quœque necat,
Cedite, paucorum culpâ an genus omne necatis ?
Audite, o famulæ, parvula verba, meæ.
Si ratio vobis limaces ulla necandi est,
Perdere limaces sit pia cura novos.

* *
*

(IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.)

CUI manicæ mundæ et primo candore nitentes,
Ille gerit manicas per dua festa suas ;
Cui tamen immundas manicas fecere secunda
Festa, nequit manicas has gerere ille dui.

* *
*

(IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.)

RAPA foro quidam querula si voce vocârit,
Sed patre defuncto tristia nulla vocat,
Scilicet hoc facto deducitur, impie fili !
Cui pater et rapis ipse secundus erat.

THE tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon the stone ;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squealed on.

JOHNSON.

* *
*

Translation of "^{of} Rio verde, rio
verde."



GLASSY water, glassy water,
Down whose current clear and strong .
Chiefs confused, in mutual slaughter,
Moor and Christian rolled along.

JOHNSON.

(IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.)

PARVULUS heu ! nimium mansuetus moribus
infans

Per silices duras concidit omnis humo ;
Infantem nutrix ululantem attollit amore,
Parvulus ast ululat flens sine fine tamen.

* *
*

(IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.)

UNDULA perspicuo rutilantior undula vitro
In cursum lucens quæ properansque fluis,
Cujus in amplexu volvuntur cæde cruentâ,
Hic eques, admixti, Maurus et ille Crucis.

WHEN you aim at a mark, Peg, at forty-five paces,
For spectators that mark is the safest of places.

H. P.

* *
* *

Hogarth.



THE hand of him here torpid lies
That drew the essential form of grace,
Here closed in death th' attentive eyes,
That saw the manners in the face.

JOHNSON.

(IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.)

QUUM petis aligerâ metam, mea Cora, sagittâ
Meta mihi sedes certa salutis erit.

(IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.)

ILLIUS hic torpet praeclari dextra magistri,
Quae pinxit formæ quod fuit omne decus,
Illius attentos hic mors signavit ocellos,
Cui mores vultu cernere cura fuit.

At an Inn.



WHO'E'R has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

SHENSTONE.

* *
*

IF at your coming princes disappear,
Comets, come every day and stay a year.

JOHNSON.

* *
*

IN bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die,
'The near approach a bed may show
To human bliss or human woe.

JOHNSON.

(IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.)

ILLE per ambages vitæ quicunque vagatus,
Cui variis statio sit data tuta locis,
Ille trahens equidem suspiria languida dicet,
“ Ante focos omnes grata taberna mihi est.”

* *
*

(IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.)

SI fugiant procures sic te veniente cometa,
Quoque die venias, permaneas que diu.

* *
*

(IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.)

RIDERE in lecto, lectoque dolere solemus
Nascimur in nostro nos morimurque toro,
Laetitia haud aliter visa est urgere dolorem,
Aptus et est lacrymis laetitiæque torus.

Translations from Horace.

—✦—

PARAPHRASE OF ODE X., LIB. IV.

I.

O II, hard-hearted still most enchanting Adonis,
Soon will the down sprout on your fair boyish
check,
And on your smooth chin an unlooked-for appendage
Will destroy the effect of a countenance Greek.

II.

I think I can fancy you stand at your mirror,
And gaze at the change, and all mournfully say,
“ Oh, why are the charms of my boyhood all vanished?
Why had I not then the same thoughts as to-day? ”

ODE XXI., LIB. I.

I.

Tender virgins, sing Diana;
Youths, the long-haired Cynthius sing,
And Latona, the beloved
Of Olympus' awful King.

II.

Chant the goddess who the fountains
And Algidian forests loves,
And the darksome Erymanthus,
Or the blooming Cragus groves.

III.

Praise, ye youths, the vale of Tempe,
Delos, too, whence Cynthius sprung ;
Praise his lyre and beauteous quiver,
Graceful o'er his shoulders slung.

IV.

Thus invoked the god will banish
Pestilence and tear-fraught war,
While beneath the rule of Cæsar
Medes and Britons quake afar.

ODE XXX., LIB. I.

I.

Queen of Gnidus, Queen of Paphos,
Leave, oh. leave thy Cyprian home,
Spring to Glycera, invoking
Thee within her perfumed dome.

II.

Let thy glowing boy come with thee;
Maia's son shall lend his aid,
And the loosely girdled Graces,
Youth with many a sportive maid.

ODE XXXVII., LIB. I.

I.

Persian pageants boy I hate,
Bring me not a linden wreath,
Nor the roses blooming late,
That a tainted fragrance breathe.

II.

Simple myrtle shalt thou wear
When thou serv'st thy master's wine,
Myrtle too shall deck my hair,
Resting 'neath the mantling vine.

From "Le Misanthrope,"
(Molière.)

—*—

SI le Roi m'avait donné
Paris, sa grande ville,
Et s'il me fallut quitté,
L'amour de ma mie,
Je dirais au Roi Henri,
"Reprenez votre Paris ;
J'aime mieux ma mie au guè,
J'aime mieux ma mie."

IF e'er to me the King had given
Fair Paris' queenly spires,
And by that same good gift had striven
To quench my love's true fires,
"Take back," I'd say to royal Hal,
"Your Paris, I implore ;
I love my darling more than all,
I love my darling more."

Sur le Collier d'un Chien.



NE te promets point de largesse
Quiconque me trouvera,
S'il me ramène à ma maîtresse
Pour recompense la verra.

ANON.

CONDUCT me home, nor dare
Hope wage of vulgar gold ;
To see my mistress fair
Is recompense untold.

Translated from Racine.



I.

MY God! oh, what a fearful strife
Two natures wage within this breast!
The one on Thee its hope would rest,
And urge my soul to trust in Thee;
The other slights thy wise decree,
And disobeys thy dread behest.

II.

Alas! in this internal war,
Where shall I turn to seek for peace?
I long to flee from strifes like these—
I long—but—oh, the awful thought!—
I do not do the good I ought;
I sin—and sin can know no ease.

The Town Rat and the Country Rat.

(*A Fable from La Fontaine.*)



I.

A TOWN rat in a civil way
A country friend had asked
To share upon a certain day
A delicate repast.

II.

The day arrives, spread on the ground
Rich viands greet their sight,
Nought can their eager spirits bound,
Their unrestrained delight.

III.

In sooth it was a goodly feast,
Of food there was no dearth ;
But one whom they expected least,
Intrudes upon their mirth.

IV.

They heard a sound outside the door
That struck their hearts with fear,
The town rat scampers o'er the floor,
His comrade in the rear.

V.

The noise has ceased, then back they sped
With eager steps and fast.
Once there the town rat stopped and said,
“Let’s finish our repast.”

VI.

“No, no,” his country friend replied,
“To-morrow dine with me,
Myself on feasts I do not pride,
Nor all your revelry.”

VII.

“But in my little nest I dine,
Where nought can interrupt.
Adieu, then, to these joys of thine,
Which dread alarms corrupt.”



From Tasso's "Gerusalemme
Liberata."

CANTO III. STANZA LXVII.



LXVII.

WITH worthy pomp his comrades deck the bier,
Where stretched in honoured death their hero
lay—

Goffredo entered—on his grief-struck ear

Fell sounds that spoke far more than words can say :
Yet all unmoved his countenance—no tear

Could the deep anguish of his breast betray ;
Lost, lost in deepest thought with bowèd head
And fixèd eyes he stood—then thus he said :—

LXVIII.

"In dull lament no longer let us mourn ;

What fades on earth blooms fresh again in heaven,
From thee thou hast thy mortal garment torn,

And left the glory for which thou hast striven ;
Full well, brave chieftain, thou thy lot hast borne,

Full worthy hast thou died, to thee is given
To feast upon thy God thine eager eyes,
And to thy soul the victor's glorious prize.

LXIX.

"Since blest thy lot, no more with tears of woe
We'll mourn thy early fate, dear, hapless friend.
For now no more against the pagan foe
Thine arm its might, thy lance its aid shall lend,
For what the vulgar crowd call death below
Has brought thy course of valour to an end ;
Now canst thou pray for aid in that bright land,
Where Heaven has gathered all her chosen band.

LXX.

"And as we've seen thee wield the arms of war,
When thou didst breathe this air, so also now
Bright spirit, lend us from those realms afar
That aid before which e'en the stoutest bow :
Then shine for Christendom, thou guiding star,
And we will offer thee full many a vow ;
When victory shall crown our arms, then we
Shall pour of soul of thankfulness to thee."



Song.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

(In the same metre as the original.)



I.

WHAT rendered all my riches vain ?
'Twas thy disdain.
What makes my griefs to multiply ?
Envy's green eye.
And what did well my patience prove ?
Thine absence, love.
Thus, thus it is that for my pain
No remedy can e'er be found,
For my last hope is cast to ground
By absence, envy, and disdain.

II.

And what has caused this woe of mine ?
In love to pine.
And what has banished glory far ?
Fortuna's star.
By whom, then, is my anguish given ?
'Tis, 'tis from heaven.

Thus, thus, I fear I shall die
From grief, in this my hapless plight.
Since to my detriment unite
Fortuna, love, and destiny.

III.

What will me from my mis'r'y save ?
The grave. the grave.
And what can raise love's hopes on high ?
Some fresh dark eye.
And what will drive its ills away ?
Madness, I say.
Thus, thus to banish this sadness
You need no judgment sound,
Since all its remedies are found
In death, and change, and madness.



Evening Hymn.

(From the German.)



I.

THE day is sinking to its close,
The silent night is drawing nigh ;
Now rest thy toil-worn hands awhile,
And yield to sleep that wearied eye.

II.

Then, Christian, free thy heaven-born soul
From earthly cares, and take thy rest.
Resign all thoughts of mortal toil
Upon thy heavenly Father's breast.

III.

And upwards, on the wings of faith,
Thy soul shall waft her course on high,
Where far, ay, far above the clouds
A heaven shall greet thy raptured eye.

New Love, New Life.

(From the German.)



I.

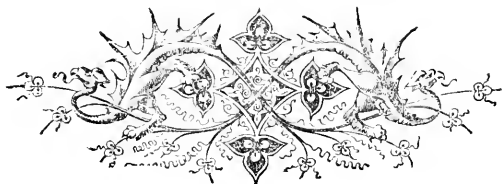
MY heart, my heart, why art thou grieving?
Why mournest thou in silent woe?
Like ocean's wave thy pulse is heaving,
No more I feel thy former glow.
Gone are those hopes of happier years,
That cheered thee in this vale of tears;
Gone is thy zeal and welcome rest,
Why evils wring these from thy breast.

II.

Drained is the goblet of my youth,
With all its pleasures and its pains,
This eye, once bright with love and truth,
'Neath sorrow's gloomy influence wanes.
Shall I end my heart's sad throbbing,
Ease from mind and body robbing?
One moment, then all pangs are o'er.
But no; I'm doomed to suffer more.

III.

And on this weird mysterious thread
Which vain I madly strive to break,
Hang all those cherished hopes long dead,
Whose memories but new sorrows wake.
A magic impulse in my heart
Bids me to live with soothing art.
What change is this that comes o'er me?
O love! O love! but let me free!



The Stranger Maiden. (*Schiller.*)



I.

MIDST humble peasants in a vale
There came with each fresh blooming year,
Soon as the lark's first note they hail
A blue-eyed maiden, wond'rous fair.

II.

She was not in the valley born,
Nor whence she came could any tell;
All traces of her flight were gone
Soon as she left the lonely dell.

III.

Long ere she came was she desired,
Her presence blest the rustic place,
But oft the bashful swains retired
Before the beauty of her face.

IV.

She brought them gifts of fruit and flowers,
The produce of a brighter plain,
Where warmer glowed the circling hours,
Where Heaven bestowed more bounteous rain.

V.

To each with an impartial heart
She gave from out her welcome store ;
Both youth and tott'ring age depart
Rewarded to their cottage door.

VI.

With equal art she tried to please,
But when approached a loving pair,
Best of her gifts she gave to these,
Of flow'rs the fairest of the fair.



The Boy by the Stream.

(Schiller.)



I.

A BOY sat gazing by a stream,
And wistful watched a flow'ry wreath
That danced upon the sparkling gleam
Of the bright wave that rushed beneath ;
“Just as this restless river flows,
So flee my days on time's swift wing,
And as will fade that floating rose,
So, too, will fade my youth's bright spring.

II.

“Ask not, I pray, why I am sad
In the bright days of boyhood's prime,
When Nature's face is smiling glad
In welcome for the fresh spring-time.
The hum of sounds that swell around
Of Nature wak'ning from her sleep
Rolls on my ear with mournful sound,
And urges but my soul to weep.

III.

“The joys spring spreads to my view,
Are they of all to me most dear?
There’s one alone which I pursue,
Which absent oft is ever near;
I stretch my arms to reach the prize,
Which dances weird before my sight,
But, ah, it fades before these eyes;
And now I mourn my lost delight.

IV.

“Descend to me, thou fairy thing,
And leave for e’er thy place of rest;
The fairest flowers that breathe of spring
I’ll strew in love upon thy breast.
Hark! forest echoes fill the gloom,
And purls the stream so sweetly clear;
E’en in the smallest hut there’s room,
Room for a gentle, loving pair.”

Hope. (*Schiller.*)



I.

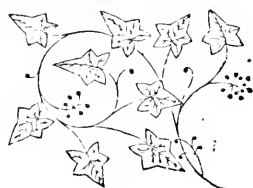
HOW oft we mortals talk and dream
Of happier days to come !
Forgetful of all else we seem
For this dear prize to roam ;
Yes, let the world change as it may,
Still Hope will lend her cheering ray.

II.

Her beacon lights our path of life
In boyhood's early days,
And when descends the eve of strife,
Ah, then how sweet her rays.
When the tired spirit wings her flight,
Then shines Hope's star more purely bright.

III.

It is no vain, delusive dream,
Sprung from fanatic brains ;
From heaven itself is sent the beam,
To light earth's dreary plains ;
'Tis when the inward voice is heard,
The trusting soul believes her word.



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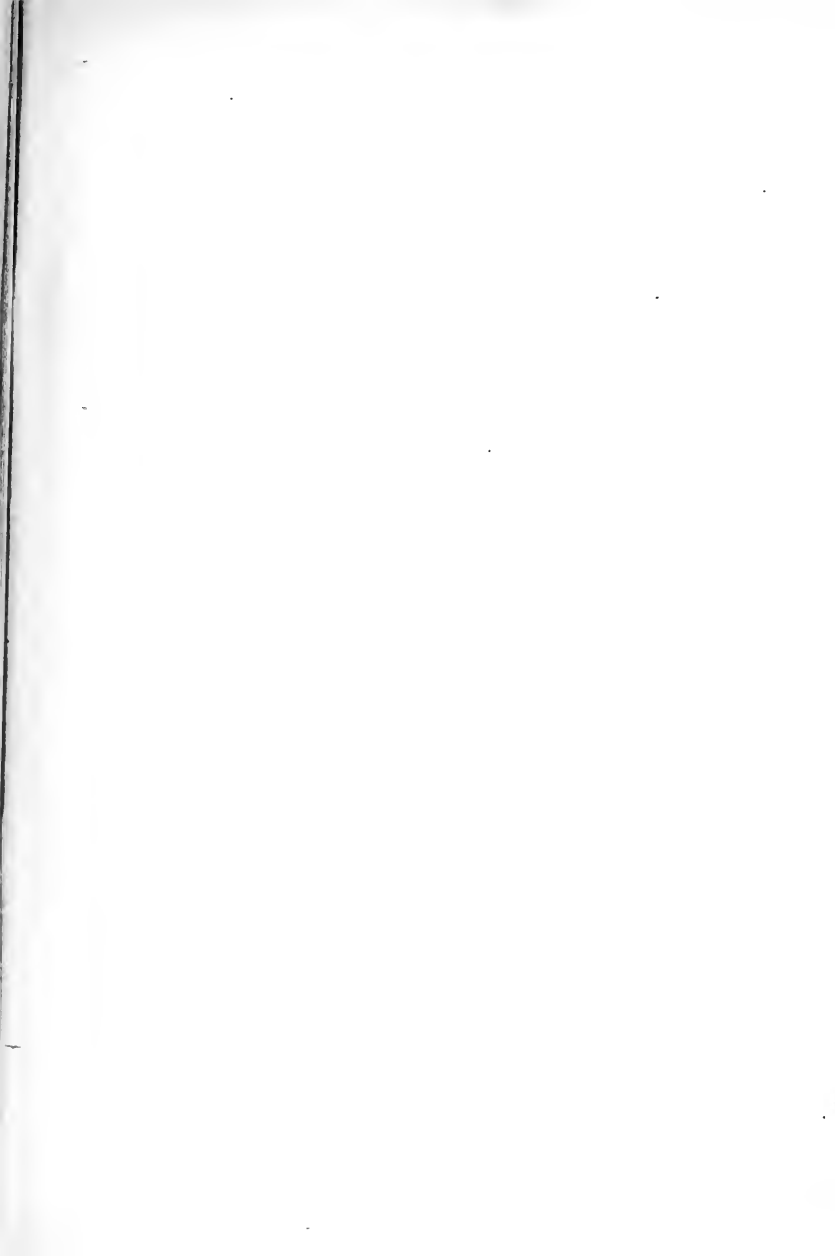
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